music

20

Charles [illegible]

[illegible]

Cocktail Party

COMPOSITIONS

Toast to the Minister

Sea Cantata

Silver Bridge

[illegible]

Cocktail Party

Silver Bridge

11.55 P.M. Jan. 12, 1928.

My literary accomplishments included a pessimistic poem in "The Midland" "That dark cloud is my life" a fanciful quatrain in the National a few verses in the local press signed Roderica Arbuthnot and twelve hymns yet these attainments produced awe in the heart of the 20 year old composer.

He brought me his novel. Charles wields a fluent and vivid pen but it had not yet come into its own. He spoke of "the vine clad hills" and the young girls with hair floating down their backs. In my stern role of critic I demanded:

(Borrowed phrases?
Course from the classics?)

"Look out the window at the hills. Do you see any vines" He didn't of course, not in Homestead, Pennsylvania. "Watch the girls. Do you see any young ladies with hair floating down their backs?" Of course he didn't not in 1902. It was perhaps his first lesson in literary realism. Yet he was clear cut enough when he came to the actual drama of his date.

We wrote the book together — very badly of course. One character expounded all our thoughts on philosophy — we were reading Spencer, Maeterlinck, Schopenhauer, Mental Science, Unity etc. In the arguments we were assisted by my husband and a friend

Blanche Knowlton and much delivered by my small daughter whose loud voice (now in the Chicago Civic Opera Co.) could ~~not~~ even then be heard above the din of our arguments. And our arguments were carefully preserved for our book "The Pennsylvanians." Now we are taking the book and making it into our next opera — a story of the steel works. But the philosophy, I'm afraid, will have to seek another avenue of approach to the public.

We wrote another book, too, "The Wheel of the Muse", the story of our lives. This we still hope to revamp and publish.

paper + pencil at my elbow

Also we wrote a 'baby book' — Charles, Blanche and myself. I don't even know where that is.

While resting from composition while I cooked his favorite Johnny cake or hot biscuits he would follow me about the kitchen reading aloud some of the ponderous tomes we affected at that times demanding elucidation of all the riddles of the universe. I answered them much more confidently than I would dare do now. Tho older than he I myself was very young!

~~I was~~ Long used to sitting at older feet, I was thrilled to have a disciple of my own.

I am not a sentimental woman yet sometimes I am moved to cry "O golden days upon a golden road with a golden goal ahead."

Today my very short and pleasant task is to tell you how some of the Cadman-Eberhart songs came to be written. Suppose I begin with "At Dawning," perhaps the best known.

Years ago when I was very young I was a country school teacher in Nebraska. About once a month on a Friday evening we had what was then called a "literary", a miscellaneous program of entertainment. One feature of this was a newspaper recounting the neighborhood

news. It came my turn to be the editor of the paper and among my items was a serenade supposed to be sung by Carl Clippinger to one of my pupils Alice Dobney. It consisted of one verse and began

When the dawn flames in the sky, I love you.

Fourteen years later Mr. Cadman saw the verse in an old note book and insisted, much against my wishes, on setting it to music. That was a lucky day for us. The song was

not immediately popular but lay almost entirely unsung upon the shelf for six years. Then it was taken up by the famous Italian tenor Bonci. This brought it to the attention of John McCormack who sang it several years and made a record of it. Now it has been a big seller for 20 years.

His success with "At Dawning" prompted Mr. McCormack to ask us to write another similar song especially for him.

We pondered several weeks over a subject one winter in Pittsburgh when Mr. Cadman had left his sunny California for a few weeks work with me. Then one icy January morning as I said goodby to my husband I looked out at the three bare poplars along our driveway and across the frozen golf links of Schenley park. Into my brain flashed the line "I hear a thrush at morn". It must have been a dream bird but

anyhow the song was
conceived that moment. I
shouted wildly to Mr.
Cadman that I had
the song. He swallowed
a hasty breakfast and
went to the piano. We
worked on it together
feverishly all day and by six o'clock
that evening it was all
copied for the publisher.
We changed morn to eve
and called it "I hear
a thrush at eve." We sent
a manuscript copy to
Mr. McCormack and in
about a week received a
long telegram from him

saying he had sung it with great success in the Hippodrome New York.

I told you last week a little about the song "From the Land of the" Sky-blue Water". This is the way the music came to be written. The words were already composed and in Mr. Cadman's pocket.

Now I think I shall turn the program over to the songs and let them speak for themselves. The Spring Song of the Robin Woman

is the aria from our
opera Shanewis and is
founded on a legend of
the Canadian Indians
to the effect that a supernatural being the Robin
Woman stands in her canoe
paddles up the river and
calls the robins home ~~to the land~~
thus bringing spring to the
land.

Miss B will sing At Dawning
From Spring Song

The Oars of Ithaca.

Duane had been long away — so long that he seemed like an splendid stranger in Emmy's intricate little sitting room, where, owing to a surprise arrival, she had captured him. He was so obviously out of place that, inventing an excuse, she led him hastily into the more formal upstairs book room for his welcome home.

Emmy who loved to dress in pale taffetas, in flowered tissues, cameos, coral and amethysts was richly splendidly dressing & arrayed in velvet, platinum and diamonds. for the years Directly she had his telegram she had laid aside her bouffant frocks, her semi-precious gems and had replenished her wardrobe sumptuously in his taste — had brought home her stately

Nothing of crisis
could enter fire nook
their subsequent months

jewels. She had shopped anxiously for Emmy was a devoted wife and George would be aware of the newest shades and the smartest modes if he arrived by air plane after a year in the Antarctic. The garments ~~would~~ overwhelmed her ~~and~~ she had known he would be vaguely dissatisfied but there was no other way to please him.

The food ~~must~~ had be changed also and the charming arrangement of the rooms tortured into greater formality.

2nd Par Duane was somewhat old-fashioned for his 40 years, too dictatorial + a little pompous

for this age, not at all casual. He did not care for sport. But he was a pioneer, an explorer, a conqueror. He loved to wander in strange lands where he would live like a savage if necessary; yet when he returned to civilization he demanded super-refinements and made a fetish of convention.

Emmy was a mouse of a woman — not ~~exactly~~ mid Victorian, but quaint and exquisite. She loved amethysts, seed pearls coral and jade — she cared for only one fur — mole or squirrel mole with ermine — rare laces and porcelains

She had agate eyes, demure brown hair and sea shell coloring. She had borne five children and yet Emmy was only twenty-eight and looked years younger.

Duane had wanted the children as well as she did — he liked the idea of establishing a family — but Duane wanted everything, — Emmy, the children the magnificence of his estate and the wide world to wander in. ~~Emmy~~ She had been warned much before by a letter [illegible],

Now, he wanted Emmy to wander with him or — ~~to~~ his letters ~~hinted~~ grumbled ~~out to her~~ — she might take the consequences.

Sons + daughters to carry on his name

some hours later

Together they sat — just as they came from the opera — Duane [discussing Rechberg] as finished, as elegant, as fastidious as if he has just passed a year in a European Court instead being a [6 hours] ~~with~~ home from a hazardous adventure, — Emmy with her delicate beauty overweighted with richness. talking expertly, for she knew music, but faintly troubled, knowing that the thought in his mind was coming near the surface. It was out at last.

"I am staying here the winter, Emmy, till March. Then I sail to join an expedition into Africa. Part of the journey will be by plane — part overland.

It will be highly adventurous and interesting
Will you go with me?" His words were formal but his eyes were warm.

"How long will it last?" Emmy's tone was faint.

"Two years."

Emmy had ~~seen~~ debated ~~the question~~ been warned coming for days; she had weighed in the balance as she said quaintly to herself one husband and five children. She had now another flashing glimpse of naughty Nancy, of jolly Jim, of George Jr., of sensitive Emmeline, of baby Lottie. To leave them was inconceivable. Yet her brain was confused. Was her duty to her husband or to her children? How far should

a wife go to make herself desirable? To prevent wandering?

His wanderings were not necessary — he need not be bored at home for a big firm had offered him a flattering position which might call forth all his energies.

Mentally she tore herself between the two but at 2 years she balked. George watched her conflict. He rose

"You needn't answer now, Emmy. You have months in which to decide. I'm going into the library to smoke — will you join me?"

"I think I'll go undress,

Duane, if you don't mind."

As if he took delight in imposing his thought on her Duane soon followed. She scarcely heard his voice as it orated along but finally she caught some vivid syllables.

"So far, Emmy, I have been true to you but I am going to sleep out under the stars in strange lands and I shall not sleep alone. Do you understand?"

Emmy stopped with her hairbrush in air. She was soft and timid but never long indecisive. Her agate eyes reflected fire; her porcelain tints paled.

shone as if they reflected fire

"As you wish," she said formally. "But I have made my decision now. I stay with my children ~~until they are older.~~"

She went to her dressing room gathered a few articles and went across the hall into another room. After an hour, Duane, puzzled followed her.

"I say, Emmy, this is queer."

"But, Duane, if we are to separate, why we _are_ separated. That is only decent."

She sat up in bed and delivered her ultimatum

"I will make you a home. I will be a wife to you in

your home — I'll follow you anywhere when necessary. But I'll not leave my children unnecessarily while they are small. I called them forth — I'll take care of them."

"Do you still love me?"

"Not — so much." She faltered. "Love starves to death in absence."

"So absence does not make the heart grow fonder?"

She shook her demure brown head.

"Not mine," she confessed.

~~He looked at her incredibly~~
~~young & virginal, incredibly remote,~~

He snapped off the light and went across the hall.

Incredulous and angry he stalked across the hall.

In the days following, Emmy treated her husband as if he were already gone. She wore taffeta gowns, quaint jewellery, supervised her household without asking his advice, governed the children according to her own judgment, served the food she chose and at night slept in a chintz hung chamber. She was young, virginal, naive; she was terribly remote and without effort altogether desirable.

It was in January that Duane sought her in her little sitting room.

Duane knew her capable & ~~[illegible]~~ yet she was cold.

"Emmy" he said, with his pompousness all fallen from him leaving a very human young man. "I see it will be an ~~hazardous~~ exciting enough adventure for me to try to win you all over again. I'll see Jones + Brown tomorrow."

Emmy's eyes were cryptic, "I wouldn't be in a hurry, George." Her glance was unflattering. "You aren't nearly as handsome as you were 10 years ago and I'm getting set in my ways."

Her indifference, it was plain, was not assumed. The light of battle fired in George Marshfield's eyes, but a little fear chilled his heart.

George paled – then his eyes flamed. "I like my adventures hazardous" he said.

Big business should offer feels enough for any man

Told to

The condemned woman was to die next day. The state deprecated the execution of women but in this case there was no incident to hang clemency on; all the elements of the murder had been particularly cold blooded mercilessly cruel. The ~~young~~ criminal herself though still young was not young enough to justify extenuation and her conduct throughout her trial had been hardened, unrepentant, even in a way exultant. Moreover, she had confessed unremorsefully [illegible] gloating over her deed.

A spiritual advisor had been sent her in her cell, though she had expressed no desire for one, indeed had objected

strenuously to having one.
Inquiry developed the knowledge
that though she was not
a churchgoer, yet she had
been reared in the Episco-
palian faith and an earnest
young rector had been chosen
to visit her — one sincere,
devout, poetic, emotional yet
practical — a man who had been
eminently successful with
neurotic woman.

Judith Ray watched him
enter with supercilious(?) hostility.
His kindness, his eloquence,
his calm common sense left
her apparently unmoved.
Her dark eyes continued to

brood, a Mona Lisa smile
hovered intermittently around
her mouth. Little it concerned
her that he was stunned at
her beauty, her delicacy, her
refinement; that he brought
to bear upon her every resource
of his very real spiritual insight, his
pastoral genius. Motionless, cold,
aloof she sat apparently regarding
him not at all. But despite
all her efforts, once or twice there
was a faint change of expression
in the unfathomable eyes, eyes
that ~~already~~ looked toward ~~on~~ death
longingly + ~~with~~ purpose not with horror.

Finally the young minister

ceased to address her and
called ~~fervently~~ upon his God,
called as only the truly elected
minister of the faith can call—
fervently, beseechingly, almost
commandingly.

Judith Ray did not break;
she did not soften but she
did speak compelled by ~~out of~~ the spiritual
urgency of his prayer.

As he paused, uplifted yet
spent, she turned her eyes upon
him.

"~~I'm~~ Never forget I am going to die tomorrow,"
she said firmly. "I long fiercely
for death. But ~~I'll clear~~ it is [illegible]. myself
~~of the lie first~~ to lie to you — you see to our. I did not kill
Charles ~~[illegible]~~."

Tears rained down the face of the young pastor.

"I knew it," he breathed.

"But," she went on, "I shall pay the penalty for that death."

The man waited; he knew by experience and by an infallible intuition when to remain silent.

"We are comparative strangers here, my sister and I. The facts of our past life you do not know. I am five years older than Mimi really, but ten years older in temperament. I married Charles when I was young and she was away at school. It was understood that she was to live with us when her edu-

cation was finished as our father was dead and our mother was" she paused. "not available", she finished.

Once the tension was a little loosened she went on almost dreamily: "I almost raised Mimi — we were never people of wealth — father was the typical cultured old family easy going type. And mother —" she paused again.

"You may as well know. She was beautiful, giddy, over-emotional. She eloped. Enough of that except our proud name was smirched, my father's life ruined, my youth blackened. I lavished everything

on Mimi. I scrimped, I saved, for her. Then during her last year of school I met Charles."

She turned; for a moment she was human, tender, glowing. "I loved him, not as weaker indulged women love, but as starved, deprived natures turn to food and the sun. Our home was Heaven."

Judith looked at the minister.

"I need not explain to you. You have the insight to understand. And I'll make the rest short. Mimi came home. At first sight she fell passionately in love with Charles. She lured him by every device known to women. She won his infatuation but not his

loyalty. When, tempted almost beyond his strength, he still turned to me — yet with desire for her in his heart, she killed him."

A long bitter silence.

"I might have forgiven the killing but not
"It was his desire for her that I cannot forgive her — I saw it in his eyes tho he tried to hide it."

the theft of his love the despairing of our home

The minister for a moment lost the thread.

"Yet you would die in her stead?"

Judith Ray rose to her tall height. Her voice exulted.

"No, I would die to punish her. She is horribly afraid of

pain and of death. Abnormally. And execution? Oh, my secret is safe. We two were with him alone and she will never tell and they have my confession under oath. She has a conscience, and life to her with my death at her door will be hell's torment. I hate her enough to be glad to die."
I have no desire to live. Now go and be silent — no one will believe you anyway.

Sea Cantata

See Blue + Gold Book

Narrator Baritone
Isolde soprano
Pirates bass and chorus
Aviator tenor

a small lake
on a private estate

9.20 (8.20) A.M Sept 1931

Heroine soprano
Lover Tenor
Sicilian Bass
Daughter Con

Here is the trysting place I know
At moonrise, so he told her
where the wall
Runs down to meet the water

Father

~~We can listen~~
~~Here is a spreading willow tree~~
~~To hide behind~~
Behind this spreading willow tree
We can hide and listen.

They are to have an hour alone
Before the other guests arrive.

Daughter

Our meeting places were not so
romantic
We did not ~~think~~ talk of trees or
or water or moonlight
We ~~thought~~ ~~spoke~~ thought only of love and
passion's fire
And fierce embraces.

Father

Sicilian blood runs hot
If tonight he proves untrue
He dies
~~This lake shall hide him~~

D

No, no you have no weapon

F

I have 10 strong fingers and an
iron fist. All I need
And here is water enough to hide
a dead man.

we have our passage home.
And our ship sails at midnight

D

Look the first hint of moonlight
lies upon the lake
And here she comes who stole
my lover's heart
See how the arc light shines
upon her hair.

~~Aria~~

He cares no more who once
Oh God since he remembers me
no more
Oh God dear God let me
forget
Let not old kisses lie like coal
upon my heart to be a torment
If I but shut my eyes I see him
yet

Behind the willow quick
Soprano
So I am here before him

11.03 a.m. apr 14 - 1932
Oh sing with me
Be my love songs orchestra
Purling waves and tender evening
winds - cars pass
I did not guess what love could be
Long ago I read of Helen, Sappho
and Francesca
Love is a flame Love down the ages
is the same
Love is a phoenix rising from
dead flames
All thro the ages love is the same

+

11.29 A.M. Oct 28, 1931

Thank God that car moved away
Oh God dear God let me forget
If he remembers me no more

Father

I'll not forget
Contralto and father come at night
to spy upon the tryst of her
father + her rival
The first hint of the moon
touches the water
And then she comes

Tell me no more that I am young
and fair
There is no longer any eye of love
to see
The dawn upon my cheek the
dusk upon my hair
Tell me no more I do not care

Let me forget his oldtime tenderness
Tear from my heart the love
that ~~trembles~~ shakes me yet
Blot from my mind each kiss
and long caress
He cares no more. Let me forget

S

My love is like a god of the olden
days (golden age)
When Greece was in her glory
And I feel like a pagan nymph
wandering in myrtle groves
Beside the sea
Oh, moon rise a little faster
In fancy I hear a nightingale
Singing in my heart
Flood the lake with your silver
Oh nightingale whom I have
never heard. Burst my heart with
your singing

The moon swings clear of the
horizon and I see him hastening
along the waters edge.
I'd run to meet him.

F

So there he comes

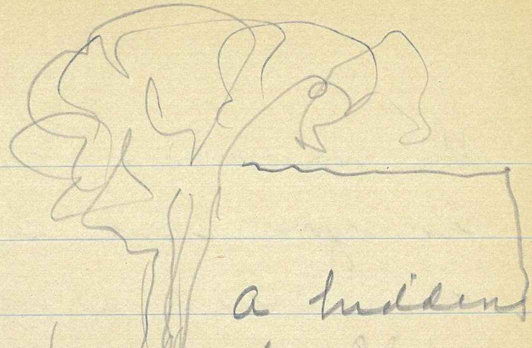
C

Would that I might also run
along on winged feet
To meet him
So once I ran - now no more
I do not feel like a Grecian
maiden
Italy's red blood is good enough
for me.

F

They meet, they clasp hands
They kiss They come

D



Quiet now

7

a hidden

All is ready, I have | place by an

passports - passage | small lake

And his love for you was secret

We shall forget and be happy in

Italy. You are still young and

very fair

Tell me no more

Tenor

Comes singing

So what care I

Then you'll remember me

or In the gloaming.

12.30 P.M Apr 13, 1932

Oh, golden moon Oh globe of

pure delight of magic dream

11.20 P.M (10.20) June 28, 1926
Like dream-blown kisses when
the wind
Scuttles across an angry lake
So delicate your touch is
When passions shake.
11.25 (10.25)
The bubble of the moon is blown
From the Red lips (white pipe)
of eve.

Knew love's trysting place would be
where

Tenor
around midnight Apr 20 + 21 - 1932

All day long I dreamed of you
Hungered for your lips
Pictured to myself ~~each new~~ the blue
Enchantment of your eyes
Longed to feel upon my hair
Of caressing finger tips
Of rosy finger tips
Knew this hour of moon + dew
Would be Paradise

tries
cries
sighs
wise
rise
flies

wise

Longed to feel the ~~velvet~~ silken
Of your
Rosy finger tips

Kiss me kiss me while the moon what if fate all alone
Climbs the sunset sky
who can tell
~~While the stars come ... by ...~~
~~Through the blue above~~
~~Only you and I~~

Kiss ~~me~~ as if each kiss were lost must be
Love's long lust
~~...~~ good by

Just as though we drank of bliss
To long kiss and die —

11.20 P.M (10.20) June 28, 1926

Like dreamblown kisses when
the wind
Scuttles across an angry lake
So delicate your touch is
When passions shake.

11.25 (10.25)

The bubble of the moon is blown
From the Red lips (white pipe)
of eve.

Knew love's trysting place would be
where

Tenor
around midnight Apr 20 + 21 - 1932

All day long I dreamed of you
Hungered for your lips
Pictured to myself ~~each~~ the ~~new~~ blue
Enchantment of your eyes
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Of ~~caressing finger tips~~ rosy finger tips
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tries
cries
sighs
wise
rise
flies

Longed to feel the ~~velvet~~ silken
Of your Rosy finger tips

Kiss me kiss me ~~while the moon~~ what if fate all alone
Climbs the sunset sky who can tell
~~While the stars come in by eye~~
~~Through the blue above~~
~~Only you and I~~

Kiss ~~me~~ as if each kiss were lost must be
~~For eternal~~ Love's long last goodbye

wise

Just as though we drank of this

To long kiss and die —

wrote Apr 21 A.M

footprints in the sand

All day long I dreamed of you,
Hungered for your lips;
Longed to feel upon my hair
Smoothing finger tips;
Pictured to myself the blue
Enchantment of your eyes;
Knew the trysting place of love
Where falling moonlight lies
Yearned for this sweet hour of love
where ~~warm~~ and water meet
Kiss me! kiss me!
Passionate and slow
Leaning warm against my heart

Kiss as tho each kiss may be
Our love's long last goodby
As if this hour is left alone
To yearn, to kiss, to die.
Heard in fancy

buys
cries
dies
Paradise
flies
guise
lies
surmise
rise
size
ties
tries
skies
dries
disguise
spies

All day long I lived for this
musing   falling steps

Kiss me! lean against my heart
heart
Pulse to pulse input
Lift your face to mine
Heart to beating heart
All day long I my fancy played

Kiss as tho each kiss may be
A long, as last goodby
Kiss as if we two must part
~~When this short hour runs by~~
With a long good by
Kiss as if this hour held
for
But to kiss and die.
the

chance
dance
trance
enhance
lance
romance
prance
advance

All day long I lived for this
wrapped   longing
Tranced in love's bright trance
Kiss as though we two must part
~~Yearned to feel your arms your l~~
~~Holding to my heart the~~
Sweet
Kiss me now a   kiss

So she goes to meet him, does she
While you who must hide in shame behind a
willow tree
Who gave him all that
woman has to give
We shall make sure
And then he dies.

D

(Do what you will with him
(The flame is on his head
See? They meet, they embrace
they kiss.
Do what

7.38 (6.38) P.M. Apr. 29, 1932

This is love's hour oh moon climb
not so fast

But linger, ~~lingering~~ along ~~on~~ your starry way
We may not ever love again as we
do now Climb slowly moon
This is love's hour oh silver moments stay

There may not ~~ever~~ come again
an hour like this
oh moon creep slowly on
So rich with love, so high with bliss

Kiss me now a passionate kiss
As if we kissed goodby
Perhaps this hour is all we have
To love, to kiss, to die!
T
Who knows - this hour my be our last

This is love's hour. Oh, Moon, climb
not so fast
But linger along your starry
way

Climb slowly, Moon.

This is love's hour. Oh, moon, creep
slowly on
There may not come again an hour
like this
So ~~rich~~ warm with love, so wonderful
with bliss
Move slowly, Moon

(They embrace.)

Quartette

Bass

There will not ever be for you
So Another hour like this
lo The blood flows hot in Italy
And is repaid with death

So you would take my lovely child
You found my child a simple maid

Soprano

It is not be true, can one I loved

Con
He took my heart and ~~crushed~~ broke it
He took my life and soiled it —
He promised me with ardor

Now let him die.

Tenor
I took her heart and broke it
How little did I know

orange + almond flowers
The ~~flowers of orange~~
perfume the air

All day love I dreamed of you,
Hungered for your lips;
Longed to feel upon my hair
Smoothing finger tips;
Pictured to myself the blue
Enchantment of your eyes
More than all

All day long I dreamed of this
Rapt in lover's trance
[illegible]
In an old romance
Kiss me with a passioned kiss
As if we kissed goodby
Fate may grant us just this hour
To love, to kiss, to die!

There is something strange
About that willow tree.

She

I feel it also. And the moon
Looks on us strangely
Why did you speak of death.

He

A sudden fancy only. Laugh it away.
Creep into my arms
This hour is made for love.

Duet Soprano & Tenor

This is love's hour. O Moon, upon
your silver stair,
Climb not so fast but linger
on your way
Let midnight wait awhile, let
dreamful dawn delay,
Climb slowly, Moon.

This is love's hour. O Moon, among
your laughing stars
Move slowly on and lengthen
out our bliss
~~There~~ Fate may not grant again
another hour like this
Move slowly, Moon.

~~Climb not so fast but~~ [illegible] away

Quartette

Bass (with a laugh of vengeance)
Love has no power to save
your coward soul
You have kissed your last
~~Ah, kiss your last,~~ love has
no power
To save you from my vengeance
You have told your last lie

Love has no power to save
you from my vengeance
You, the son of wealth, who
charmed
The innocent child of Italy
And lured her into sin
You have kissed your last kiss

Diamonds glitter on her breast
like ice

You; the merchant prince
who love your princess
Must charm the innocent child
of Italy
With stolen kisses with lies ~~and a~~ lying
tongue.
You took her heart and broke it.
As you would snare a wild
~~bird of the grove~~
~~(with a laugh of vengeance)~~
~~No silver moon can~~
Cry not to the moon, O Fool,
who charmed the innocent child
of Italy as
And lured her into sin.
No moon can prolong your life
Love has no power to save you
from my vengeance.
Die, die like a strangled dog
And rot under the water beside
this fated willow tree.

Grieve not, Fiora, there is an
older land,
With bluer skies and happier
sunny hills

There we shall go

My father's orange groves

Die! die! die like a
strangled dog
And rot under the water
beside this fated willow tree

Never again

Love has no power to save
you from my hate

Alan
Donald
Bernard
Gordon
Francis

Max
Gino
Aldo

Sylvia ✓
Alice
Luna
Gloria ✓
Winifred
Marjorel ✓
Audrey
Violet
Lilian ✓
Evelyn ✓
Leolyn
Jennifer
Jocelyn ✓
Jenieve ✓
Millicent
Adrianne

Lola
Fiora
Fiamma
Amina

Characters in order of appearance.

Amora an Italian employed in the factory of Gordon's father

Pietro Amora's father. An Italian workman.

the daughter of a rich man

Gordon a superindent in his fathers factory.

Time moonrise at sunset. Early summer.

Place shore of a small private lake in a secluded corner of father's estate near an American seaport.

Sylvia

He is guilty: I read it in his eyes!

O lovely hour, O happy time of loving

Can it be true you are forever past?

~~Oh ... Can it be true that ...~~

that joy has flown forever

Too near to Heaven's bliss to last.

He took my heart and broke it

He took my life and soiled it

Let vengeance fall upon him

Why should he live

who kills a soul?

Let him die, let him die,

Who says that I must die!
Kill me if you can
But first of all you must prove
To be a better man.

Who say that I must die and
die for love
Kill me if you can
But first you must prove yourself
To be the better man.
Sulro
~~Come on Come on~~
Amora
They fight. They fight!
Sylvia.
He is strangling him.
Can no one hear? (Shrieks)
Amora.
I'll stop your cries, my
hands are strong.

Sylvia (muffled)

Ah ——— (Falls fainting)

Amora. (with satisfaction)

He is dead! Toss him into
the water.

~~She has fainted. Let her~~.

Pedro

He sinks without a sound
The girl has fainted. Let her lie,
Now for the ships and Italy!

Amora.

One moment, O my false love
Into the water that calls you
I drop a tear for you in the
Though cruel & unworthy.

Violin

God will strengthen my arm

Life is too sweet and love too strong
To die at your command Ha Ha
Not I! Not I.

Felicie.
He is guilty. I read it in
his eyes.

Ensemble. Gordon (in contempt) But who are you
You say that I must die, and
die for love?
Kill me if you can!
I too am strong. You must
prove yourself
To be the better man.
Take that and that and that!

Amora (
He took my heart and broke it;
He took my life and soiled it.
Why should he live who kills a human soul?
(the world be poisoned by his breath)
Let vengeance fall upon him,
Let him die!

Felicie (sorrowly)

O lovely hour, O happy time
of loving,
Can it be true you are forever
past?
Oh, true it is that joy has flown
forever
Too near to Heaven's bliss to last

—

Pietro

You took her heart and
broke it,
You took her life and
soiled it
God shall strengthen my arm
to avenge her.
You shall die! Die! Die!

Right

Gordon (in contempt) But who are you?

You say that I must die and
die for love?
Kill me if you can
I, too, am strong. You must
prove yourself
To be a better man.
Life is too sweet and love
too strong
To die at your command — not I! not I Ha Ha
Take that and that and that —

Amora. mournfully

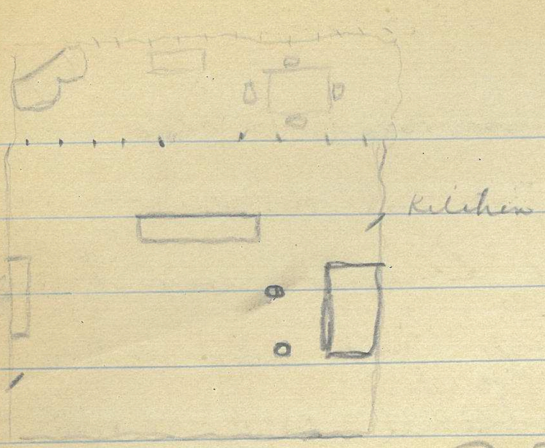
He took my heart and broke it
He took my life and soiled it
Why should the world be poisoned
by his breath?
Why should he live who kills
a human soul?
Let vengeance fall upon him
Let him die.

Felicie sorrowfully

O lovely hour, O happy time of
loving,
Can it be true you are forever
past?
Can it be true ~~that he I loved~~ my love
Is ~~so ardently~~
~~has~~ false and heartless?
Ah, lovely hour you are forever past,
Too near to Heaven's bliss to last.
Forever, ever past!

Pietro - passionate

You took her heart + broke it
You took her life and soiled it
The world is poisoned by your
breath
And justice cries out for your
death
She is my only daughter
You took her heart and broke it
And God shall give me strength
to avenge her.
You shall die! die! die!



Gordon & Pietro grapple

Wave on wave the green advances
Inch by inch the snow retreating

O winds of March! how bitterly you blow
Across the fields of mingled grass & snow
Could we imagine if we did not know
How fast is April following
How near the robin flies, how close is spring!

O winds of March, for all your ~~wintry bite~~ keen
Your heart is melting as the earth turns green
Your bluster cannot long remain a screen
To hide the
How close the violet, how near the rose

Began to write 7.23 A.M.
June 7-1932

The Girl with Chestnut Hair

All Brookside raved about ~~Maud~~ Zoe Mallison's chestnut hair. This was strange for it was really long hair falling to her waist and one would think it ~~was~~ would be hopelessly old fashioned. But as June Lawson said

"You look at Maud and she looks 'finished' as a woman ought to look, - not funny at all."

She wore it parted in the middle over a smooth low brow and it curled adorably in little tendrils above candid blue eyes.

In the back was a unde-

mable circle of shining hair midway of crown and nape with tiny ~~curls~~ tendrils softening the neck line. She solved the hat problem by making her own deftly and with chic.

The Mallinson had come to Brookside only six months ago, Mr. Mallinson commuting to the city where he ~~was~~ held a good position in a large bank. They bought a picturesque rambling old house and ~~in~~ one isolated room on the first floor Maud ~~had~~ turned into a studio, for she had

recently graduated from a wellknown music school. They brought with them excellent letters of introduction and were soon very popular. Maud brought a soprano over from the city and gave a concert in the Methodist church giving the proceeds to charity. Then she had let it be known that she would like piano pupils and soon had a fine class composed principally of children.

Maud was only twenty and her parents were still young her mother under forty

As they were a lively family they became very popular almost at once. But this quick popularity had its price, of course. And when Grant Slater came home from college and frequented the Mallison home almost to the exclusion of his old friends, there was consternation among the girls of the pretty little suburb.

In Lila Harris room one afternoon Nina Gray said spitefully.

"I don't see so much

in ~~Maud~~ Zoe Mallison's hair
My mother has a long
switch the very same color".
"Well," said June bluntly
"It isn't on her head."
"It was mee" replied
Nina, heatedly.
"That's neither here nor
there", said Cora Bassert.
"The boys do look at Zoe's
hair — it draws their attention
but it would take more than
a ~~knot~~ roll of hair to hold any
man who wasn't a born idiot.
Zoe Mallinson's a darn
attractive girl. We all fell
for her ourselves — Now, the
boys come home from college

and full too and we don't like it so well."

"It's Grant Slater I care about," said Nina. "I've had my eye on him for 5 years. Now, that he's graduating in engineering he's apt to be sent anywhere and I want to go with him."

"Well" put in June Lawton "Let the best one win. We have some advantages. We are all better off than Zoe and so have more time for she is busy all day with pupils. Of course, she's a new girl and fresh. Boys do like novelty. But she's no prettier than several of us."

"You can talk, June," objected Nina. "But you have Jo Hendricks solid and you don't have to worry. Zoe isn't handsomer than I but she is livelier and boys do like to be amused. And her home is more informal. I don't awfully care for Zoe, myself but it's fun to go to her house."

Nina's father was the richest man in Oak Ridge and the Gray house was expertly run by efficient servants.

Cora Bassett rose. "I suppose we'll all meet at Mallisons this evening. You girls can do as you like but self preservation is the first law of nature. I

think Zoe is a darling as as sincere as she is successful but no one girl is entitled to all the boys. If we girls have got stale it's up to us to study her technic. At least I'm going to."

"An imitation is an awful thing," ~~scoffed~~ Nina.

"I'm not going to imitate," returned Cora, "I'm going to see what attracts everyone to her and then ~~ap~~ ~~ply it~~ adapt it to my temperament."

"I'll do anything to get Grant Slater," declared Nina.

There was something in her ~~in the~~ tone which caused the other girls to look at the dark beauty in surprise.

"I guess you're joking," stated June, rising and patting ~~[illegible]~~ her blonde wave into place. Cora turned from the mirror where she was adjusting her beret with a shade of wonder in her gray eyes. Lila, uncurling her long length, suddenly stood up and laughed derisively.

"I guess you'd better be."

"But I'm not." Nina's eyes snapped. She pulled on her white hat, flung on her white coat and without a

Agatha,
Cynthia,
Sydney
Frances

goodby was out the door and down the stairs.

The girls stared at each other.

"Of all things." said Lila. "Girls, of course we can't be ridiculous, but we'd better put on as much war paint as possible tonight."

"Zoe doesn't use war paint," said June warmly.

"Interpret war paint to suit yourself," rejoined Lila. "It may mean just an ingenuous smile."

June Day - blonde Cynthia Brant (Grey eyes
Nita Schuyler, Lila Harris - tall, lithe blue eyes black hair
Glen Armstrong. Jim Bowen
Willard Grant Dick Edwards

de Windt
Nita Von Clade posing on the long window seat was smoothing her arched black brows with a too-red finger tips and watching herself in Lila's long dressing mirror which hung opposite. She detached her attention from her reflection long enough to declare rather disagreeably:

"I don't see anything so wonderful about Zoe Mallison's hair. And it is attracting far too much notice in Oak Ridge. My mother has a switch that exact color."

"But it isn't on her head," said June Day spiritedly, her

blonde tints deepening at Nita's tone, for Zoe was close to her heart.

"Well, it used to be." Nita stretched herself with feline grace, her eyes on the mirror. She lifted her hand to pat her dark bob complacently. "For my part, I shouldn't want it on my head."

"I should." ~~Corinne Bassett's~~ Cynthia Brant's drawl acquired an emphatic edge. "It's remarkable what a finished look that big coil of chestnut hair gives her. If my own hair wasn't thin and mouse colored, I'd ~~[illegible]~~ certainly follow her example."

Lila Harris, propped up by the cushions on her chaise longue ~~was~~ plucked her brows carefully

I think this bobbed generation has missed a lot of feminine charm

with the aid of tweezers and an elaborate long handled hand ~~mir-~~ glass ~~ror~~. She considered a moment before she spoke. She herself was a handsome girl, slim, ~~lithe~~ a blue-eyed, white skinned brunette.

"The effect on her is successful because her front hair is short and curls naturally. And that middle part is ~~certainly~~ remarkably fetching."

"And," put in June warmly, "those little tendrils clinging to the back of her neck are perfectly fascinating."

"Which brings us to the real point of discussion." Nita sat upright with a snap; her dark eyes deserted the mirror and swept her three companions.

"Here is a strange girl in Oak Ridge. Her aunt and uncle charming and all that, with fine letters of introduction, of course, but evidently with very much less money that most of the families here have, move into our intimate little suburb, buy a rambling ramshackle old house, fix it up themselves, fill it with antiques and make-shifts and immediately become the most popular people in the place. Now, why?" Nita sank again into a reclining position on the window seat and renewed the contemplation of her Spanish-make-up in the mirror.

"Because they are such darlings," enthused June, moving over to a fat cushion on the floor at Lila's feet.

"We all have our advantages," drawled Cynthia, leaning languidly back in the big chair. "Zoe is not theatrical, like Nita, nor as beautiful as June, nor as chic as Lila, nor as intellectual as I. She has to give music lessons for her living and so has less time than any of us. Yet—"

"Yet," broke in Nita with real anger, "every boy in the place will sits on her doorstep from dark till dawn if allowed."

"Especially Glen Armstrong", put in Lila maliciously.

"

I'm an outsider in our place. One of ~~my~~ mother's sea faring ancestors brought home a Spanish bride, when they saw my black eyes when I was born they gave me her name: and I bet they think a curse went with it.

"Especially Glen Armstrong" agreed Nita, almost viciously. "I've been brought up with him, I picked him out when I was ten and I've no idea of losing him. Now that his engineer's course is finished he may be sent anywhere on earth and I intend to go along. Anyway," again she ~~rolled~~ flashed her brilliant eyes around the circle, "you can't tell me that wad of hair is the secret of Zoe Mallison's fatal allure. It's that grand old house. I like it there myself. No one, — no one can have a good time at our house. The air of formality that hangs around our home

al

in ~~a~~ a comparatively small house: Butler, 2nd man, chauffeur, weekly mender cook, chambermaid, parlor-maid, laundress & lady's maid. Knickerbocker father; New England mother and everyone in it except me would scare the Prince of Wales himself." Nida almost gnashed her teeth. "Our hospitality is not gracious it is ironclad granite!"

Lila looked around her pretty ~~chamber~~ bedroom and the three girls lolling ~~so~~ comfortably in various postures.

"Our place is fairly homelike," she observed laying her tweezers & handglass on the book table at her side. "Yet ~~I~~ have no surplus of the male callers, especially past 6 months."

"It's personality, probably," this from languid ~~Corinne~~ ~~Agatha~~, Cynthia.

"It's far deeper than that," concluded June with a wise look.

Corinne rose, unhurried as always, yet with a quiet ~~emphasis~~ pointedness

"You're gone — yes!" Yet I am rather slow-times & decentee Tom, laughed June

in her movement toward the green straw on the ~~bed~~ and the green jacket which completed her ensemble.

"I must go," She laughed. "I don't intend to worry so long as I have Jimmie left."

"And I," said Nita, ~~uncurling herself~~ relaxing and sliding to the floor, "If anyone were late to dinner at our house the whole staff would drop dead. I suppose we'll all meet on the Siren's verandah this evening for the usual neighborly get-together."

Lila rose. "~~Girls~~ Nita," ~~she said~~ she grinned ~~soberly~~. "Since you're the one most concerned ~~I~~ you might study ~~her~~ Zoe's technique a little." ~~We're not used to being wall flowers."~~

"She hasn't any technique," flared June.

"Imitation is beneath me," snapped Nita.

"But intelligence shouldn't be," Corinne was drawing on her gloves. "If you're really scared you ~~we might~~ might observe a little and then adapt her line

next page Jim Boyer is the one man who hasn't fallen under her spell. You've got him anyhow. But

page before

Novelty probably has something to do with it however. She's a new girl,

temperament. "and" supplemented Lila "an awfully nice one"

to ~~our~~ your own ~~personalities~~" it coldly

"You, Agatha Benness, can discuss —

"I want Glen Armstrong,"

~~flung back~~ Nita ~~at the door~~.

"I intend to have him and I'll do anything to get him. Anything."

There was something in her voice, something unlike even ~~temperamental~~ impetuous Nita which startled her friends.

"You must be joking," June rose, ~~patted~~ fluffed her blonde wave into place and adjusted her blue beret without a glance at the mirror. For all her loveliness June had no vanity.

Lila laughed derisively.

"I think you'd better be."

1 "But I'm not," ~~Nita~~ was not posing now. She was ~~[illegible]~~ revealing her own soul recklessly.

She pulled on her white hat, flung on her white coat and without a goodby was out the door and down the stairs.

Nevertheless, she was the first to arrive at the informal little porch party at the Mallinson's that evening, striking in a simple well-styled white organdy, coral ~~and~~ with a coral velvet jacket and slippers.

Zoe kissed her lightly but warmly on a pretty, coral hung ear so as not to disturb the elaborate make up Nita always considered necessary.

Zoe Mallison was not an obvious beauty. ~~Besides Nita's vivid personality she seemed at first rather colorless. But~~

but she shone well even beside Nita's dusky coloring her vivid tints showed out in startling contrast.

curled ~~flat~~ high on the back of her head above the neck line

her candid blue grey eyes, lashed with golden brown, were warm and friendly; her well modeled crimson mouth curled upward at the corners, her creamy skin had a lovely changing rose bloom, her throat was ~~rounded~~ and soft, her carriage graceful. Her two greatest assets ~~beauties~~ were her abundant chestnutt hair with its natural wave ~~and~~ her ~~strong~~ beautiful white ~~piano~~ hands strong + made agile by much piano practice. Her dress of yellow flowered georgette was inconspicuous yet becoming. ~~But~~ And Zoe, true to her name, had a life, radiance, a glow, an aura ~~which~~ of sympathy + friendliness which made everyone who came in touch with her feel warmed

She was sincerely interested in other people and ~~not afraid to sh~~ unaffectedly showed it. and cheered and stimulated. This was her especial charm tho the girls had not yet analyzed it.

Other young people drifted in and formed into chatting groups; Mr. + Mrs. Mallison themselves ~~[illegible]~~ joined the party later), ~~joined the party~~. The gay evening flew with music, dancing, bridge, intimate or casual conversation as desired. The sprawling old house had nooks and corners for everyone. Punch, ~~invigorating yet~~ innocent of alcohol yet invigorating, was generously supplied ~~[illegible]~~ and home made cakes and pastries were plentiful.

Somewhat ~~along~~ after the middle of the evening, Glen Armstrong

among them June in pink chiffon ~~that~~ Agatha in jade green crepe and Lila in a blue lace matching her brilliant eyes

succeeded in isolating himself and Zoe for a few moments in the little reading nook off the living room. Tall, athletic, good to look upon with sparkling brown eyes and an engaging yet determined smile he was a ~~young~~ youth any girl might be proud of, yet Zoe was avoiding him and holding him off.

He turned to her eagerly, —

"You elusive witch, I've been trying to get you alone all evening." he laughed. ~~"You know I adore you, Zoe"~~

Zoe turned to him.

"Tell me, Glen, are you in any remotest way bound to Nita Clade? She acts proprietary."

"Honestly not. We are old

Without hesitation, he answered:

You know I adore you Zoe and I'm trying to propose formally as my mother taught me.

and dear friends. That is all — all I know." He ~~blushed~~ colored a little. Zoe ~~knew~~ thought he suspected ~~there might be~~ more ~~for~~ feeling on Nita's side but was too chivalrous to say so. Her respect for him mounted. "Mother always warned me to be careful in speech to all women and never leave any doubt — as to my intentions. I don't mean we have never kissed in ~~friendly~~ friendly boy & girl fashion and I may as well confess ~~if you hadn't~~ that when ~~shown up when~~ you ~~showed me different~~ showed up I was ~~just~~ about on the point of imagining myself in love. I saw you just in time. No, I am honorably free." He held out his arms, starting toward her ~~and he moved toward them~~.

"Glen," it was Nita's voice

at the door - ~~dangerously~~ innocently sweet. "I'm going home rather early and I promised to dance with you once. Won't you play us a special dance, Zoe?" she coaxed. "There's nothing fit on the radio."

With burning cheeks, Zoe went to the piano wondering how much Nita had overheard. Nita was an ~~exquisite~~ marvelous and creative dancer, thoroughly trained and she had taught Glen to be a perfect partner. But she was in a reckless mood tonight and Her dance ~~tonight~~ ~~was~~ became too daring and sophisticated for the ~~Mallinson~~ Oak Ridge taste and apparently for Glen himself for faint distaste showed on his face. Zoe knew that if Nita was angling for Glen

Armstrong she was using the wrong bait. Though his family had as much money as the Clades they were wholesome unpretentious people and had reared their only child in an atmosphere of practical commonsense ~~along with~~ as well as old fashioned culture. Nita, Zoe felt, would not fit into the picture at all. Zoe felt all this impartially for she was not yet altogether in love with Glen tho strongly attracted to him. ~~Zoe~~ She was not an impulsive girl — her deeper liking ~~could~~ ~~ab~~ would depend on respect and she never trusted others fully ~~till~~ until she felt sure her trust was based on

Not that she was at all suspicious by nature. She merely withheld judgment.

real knowledge.

Glen was the sort of a man she longed to trust wholly, but caution was a part of her nature. Her father and mother had lost their fortune through the treachery of a lifelong friend. This financial wreck had swept away also the inheritance of her uncle, young Paul Mallison and changed his whole life. Zoe had seen many other acts of betrayal in her twenty years and she ~~did~~ had learned not trust easily, though Glen's brown eyes looking into hers invariably caused her heart to jump erratically and there were times when she longed to lay her chestnut head on his strong ~~chest~~ [illegible]

and feel his arms about her. Paul
and Margaret were very kind but
after all they themselves under 35 were devotedly absorbed ~~the~~
~~love with~~ in each other, pinched
financially and trying to make ends
meet. Every night Paul rushed home
from the city to work until late
in the garden. Margaret helped
him there, did with Zoe's help
all the housework including
laundry and all their sewing.

Zoe had a small organ
position for Sundays and a
fine class of pupils but she was
too young to command high prices.
She liked Hartwell but the other
girls had so much more leisure
and money than she that

tho she was never envious, she
would never have striven for pop-
ularity. But popularity seemed
thrust upon her. June and she
were the fastest friends. Corinne
stimulated her mentally; Lila
she respected; but Nita she
unconsciously distrusted. There was
that about her theatricalism ~~to~~
which ~~[illegible]~~ puzzled her for Zoe was
frank and absolutely without
pose. However, even Nita she felt
kindly toward for she saw that
the impulsive girl was too re-
stricted at home to develop
normally.

This evening Nita insisted
on going home as soon as Glen

was required to be home

had found an excuse to stop their dance. It was earlier than even Nila ~~early~~ and the others made no move to leave.

"I'm coming back," said Glen softly as he passed Zoe.

Zoe laughed as she kissed Nita good night. Zoe felt quite sure Nila would keep him prisoner for some time. But Zoe did not know the elder Van Clades as well as Glen did. He was indeed back in about an hour ~~before long~~ and deliberately out stayed the other guests. Paul and Margaret went to bed and the young couple sat peacefully in a vine clad corner of the porch and grew confidential in a way they never

had before. Zoe's charm lay in sympathy and stimulation, in her acute understanding of and interest in the other person's ~~[illegible]~~ longings and ambitions.

Glen feeling this atmosphere responded by opening his heart not in love making but in revealing his plans and desires. He was an earnest young man determined to succeed. Stretched in the long canvas chair with Zoe in the gliding swing beside him, he confessed that in his work room in the basement he had a delicate machine which he was just finishing. It represented two years hard

work and just in the last
few weeks had he hit upon
the final secret. His father &
mother knew, of course, but no
one else. He would finish
it within a week or two and
then he wanted her to be the
first to see it outside his
parents. As he talked, Zoe
realized that though he might
care ~~love~~ her devotedly, he was no
lovesick boy but a purposeful
man. For the first time her
emotions were keenly touched
she glowed with love & pride
and had he spoken at that
moment she would have given
her promise at once, rather ashamed ~~forgetting~~
of her fear that he was not quite

open about Nita.

She listened silently but whole heartedly, even proudly. At the end she said:—

"How wonderful, Glen. Creative work always thrills me. I am not at all creative myself but I think I can say without conceit that I can inspire and aid a creator. I —" her hand was stealing toward him in the darkness, when swift footfalls pounded upon the veranda steps.

"So you came back here;" it was Nita's outraged voice. "When you thought me safely home and in bed, you stole back here. Well, I am here, too. I have never

been disobedient before so I am not watched. When father & mother retired I just walked out. And I'm not going to be put out of the running any longer by old-fogy notions of being home early while an unscrupulous outsider walks off with my fiancé."

"Careful, careful!" Glen got incredulously to his feet. Poor Zoe, made wary by her old experience of teaching, felt her distrust rise in her again. ~~She~~ naturally for her She took the woman's side in every argument because she always felt that life gave men an unfair advantage over women. She was too young to ~~did not~~ understand undisciplined natures like

Nita's made worse by the repression of her natural instincts.

Glen was a modern young American no overcourtly mid Victorian. He spoke indignantly.

"I was never your fiance, Nita, No

but you gave me every reason to think so

"Not in so many words," Nita was sobbing now. She flung herself at Glen who, to save her from falling, threw his arms about her! Nita careful of her make up even in this theatrical scene, dabbed her eyes delicately but clung to the uncomfortable young man with persistent hold.

"Not in so many words" she repeated, wildly. "But your actions

2600

Surely you have not forgotten

"You won my heart completely Glen. Only the love I have for you is so intense could come here and humiliate myself so."

spoke plainly.

Glen bit his lips. Though he was a modern American he was a gentleman and he could not go too far in contradicting a girl's word. Striving unsuccessfully to loosen Lila's fingers, he spoke gently but firmly.

"My actions were not intended to convey a proposal of marriage."

Zoe broke in coldly.

"You'd better take her home, Glen. And this time don't come back."

At her tone, Glen looked at her in pained surprise. His eyes besieched her love

and trust. Zoe's dark blue eyes were angry. Nita's taunt of an unscrupulous outsider passed over her because she realized that she might seem so to Nita and in her overwrought condition she might even exaggerate her opinions. Zoe was too cautious herself to be surprised that she was not entirely trusted by Nita on such short acquaintance. But Zoe was wholly truthful herself and it was hard ~~[illegible]~~ impossible for her to think that Nita, with her advantages and careful upbringing, could be so shameless as to claim Glen openly unless he had in reality been more than a friend to her.

Proudly, as Nita finally released him, Glen turned away.

"Come, Nita," his tone was hardly gracious, "I'll take you back home." Without a goodbye to Zoe Nita followed Glen to the top of the step. There ~~he~~ the young man hesitated.

"Zoe," he begged, "I can't understand you. Let me talk to you tomorrow."

"No, indeed, Glen. It isn't necessary. I think I understand the situation thoroughly. I would not interfere between lovers any more than I would separate husband and wife." Zoe could be hard when she suspected unfairness and her voice ~~was~~ had

now entirely lost its usual resonant sweetness.

"Very well." ~~Glen had his pride and his sense of justice.~~ His tone was cutting. "I don't know, come to think of it, that I care to explain. Suspicion in a woman is not an endearing quality. I shouldn't care to marry a woman who would never believe my word."

He walked deliberately down the steps. Then

"Good night," triumphantly called back Nîti.

Zoe did not answer. Her anger died and she felt cold and stricken. Could it be she was "suspicious", she who had

always prided herself on not yielding too easily to sentiment but considered herself fair to all?

Suspicious! what a word. Over-cautious, maybe, but not suspicious and wholly loyal when once her confidence was ~~wholly~~ gained.

Almost incapable of movement, Zoe pulled herself slowly up the stairs. She undressed and put on a kimono – Zoe had no expensive negligees. She did not even try to go to bed – she knew she could not sleep. Suspicious! The word stung her. She paced the floor, weeping as she paced, and suddenly, near morning, the realization came to her that she loved Glen

Armstrong deeply, deathlessly. More than that she believed in him. In that flash of realization, she ~~recognized~~ come to believe that while Nita could be a friend true and loyal so long as nothing she desired was threatened, ~~that~~ she would ruthlessly thrust out of her path any person, however dear, who stood in her way. ~~And~~ Then why should she spare Zoe who was only a new and not particularly dear friend?

No sooner had this conviction come to her, than she veered again in her opinion. Men were more fickle than women — maybe she was blinded in her judgment against Nita by her love for Glen.

He might be thinking her a credulous fool.

She saw her anger match her cunning
o time is two but Zoe hid her perturbation as much as possible

Exhausted by her conflict Zoe, just before the early summer dawn, threw off her kimono and slipped in between the ~~white~~ cool sheets. Almost immediately she slept but she did not dream and her heavy slumber brought no enlightenment. She woke automatically at her usual hour with her mind still in turmoil. All morning she and Margaret made jelly and ~~[illegible]~~ syrup ~~in the afternoon~~ after lunch, for Zoe did not teach Friday afternoons, June came over for a visit. Contrary to her habit, Zoe who usually kept her affairs to herself poured out the whole story to June whose loyal affection she never for a moment doubted. Of course she did not reveal the secret of the machine

"I hate to talk about it" said Zoe," but I am a stranger here and you have lived here all your life. Do you think Nita could be lying?"

Honest June deliberated, judicially—
"Between Nita and Glen, I would take Glen's word. Yet I never knew Nita to act in the way you describe. I suspect she might if goaded, but the fact remains I never knew her to. We all thought Glen belonged to her because they were a good deal together. But you must know that though we have all lived here all our lives, we have been apart a good deal the past four years.

Glen has been away at school and ~~Nita has travelled with her~~ the Schuylers have travelled a good deal."

"Anyhow," Zoe looked deeply troubled; "I was in the wrong. Nita might well have put more into Glen's actions than he meant and now she is trying to force him to marry her. He cares no more for me for he thinks me 'suspicious'. It's my own fault."

~~Behind~~ Hidden her yellow love locks June kept a wise brain. She laughed.

"Well, things don't look very serious to me. Glen is too sensible to be forced into

She dressed carefully in a flattering blue slicker crepe

marriage with a girl he doesn't want. And there must be a limit to Nita's foolishness. Come on over to ~~Agatha's~~ Cynthia's tonight and see if things don't work out,"

Zoe, herself, tho conscious of the deep hurt she must have given Glen by his want of trust in her owned, practically, that things might yet be straightened out. That night at Cynthia's her heart sank. Glen avoided her openly and Nita hung about him with a sickening persistence. Zoe, in self defense, was as cold as Glen himself.

A day or two later Glen's mother, who had a friend visiting her, invited ~~Zoe~~ in

12.48½ (11.48½) June 19, 1932

story of woman who found her happiness in music (St) All real emotional contact always brought sorrow which she could arrange in music. So she finally gave up love and immersed herself in art.

10.25 A.M Nov 4, 1931

No complete joy anywhere

Spring is in your hair, my dear
Spring is on your hair
This old misty heart of mine
~~Haunted~~ April everywhere

Came to rest beside
your violet eyes

some ~~friends~~ women ~~for a cup~~ luncheon.
Zoe could scarcely stay away so
since Glen would not be home
she accepted the invitation. It
was a luncheon for twenty
and as there was but ~~one~~
maid, all the younger girls
in neighborly fashion, half at
the last moment. Zoe was
particularly capable on such
occasions.

one maid fell ill
one called home

"One of you girls bring me up [illegible] the fruit cupboard in the basement, please," Some one [illegible] [illegible] "I will [illegible]"

Story of twins - both try to sacrifice for others
Story of calories
Story of rich girls who did not know etiquette and went into service to find out. (Gyp's ambition)
Story of girl very beautiful who used to take her mother to the $1 dollar seats at the opera then go down to the promenade and meet met a grand young man.
From an opera box

Down in the basement Zoe passed the door which she knew was Glen's workshop. She remembered with a pang the perfect little machine which was to have been shown her. She supposed Nita would have the honor of first view. With a

The Silver Bridge 5.10 P.M. Mar. 5, '28

The sun went down upon a day
I was afraid to lose
For fear another might not be
As beautiful and filled with joy

The moon came and built a
silver bridge
To reach from dark to dawn
And joyfully I ran across
Carrying my joy with me
Into the new day.

---

sigh she selected the currant jelly
and went slowly up the stairs. She
met Nita starting down.
"Now she wants pickles," Nita
said shortly running down ~~the~~
past her.

28

(looking at Roosevelt's picture — long now dead

At the movie (Senate) about 2 or 5 P.M. Thursday Oct 8, 1931

A man thinking of his beautiful passionately loved wife knows that such perfect happiness cannot forever endure. Has a talkie made of her as the end of which she steps forward and sings "Darling" I love you". She dies. Every night he comforts himself with this film. But finally it ceases to comfort — flesh and blood asserts itself.

Dr had pronounced her hopelessly afflicted

Small pox

Artist.

Sept 30. - 2.02 P.M. 1932
Reader - quartette - chorus.

interview with father
dress from 3rd floor - her mother
father not (over) generous - no allowance
of her own. lace dress. velvet roses

Zoe could not get Glen's invention out of her mind. She was terribly disappointed ~~not~~ to ~~get~~ have Glen's confidence end so disastrously. So, while she was automatically cheerful and entertaining, ~~Zoe was glad when Margaret rose to go.~~ and in a company of so many old & intimate friends, Zoe's abstraction passed unnoticed. She was glad that a pupil ~~forced~~ gave her an excuse for leaving early. The visit to Glen's home increased her heartsickness. She ~~was~~ had

9.20 A.M (8.20) Sept 14, 1931 1/16

Thought more of radio opera

Soprano soprano 3

Tenor } rivals 3

Baritone } 3

Contralto (?) seeress Sop + alto 5 Sop + tenor 3

Music more than plot.

No action, Concert opera.

Founded on real story

Sop 3 Or reader prologue

Tenor 3 or recit Epilogue

Sop + ten 3 contralto or baritone

Baritone 2

Sop + alto 5 16 min

2 cho at 3 6

22

Dialogue 3 five

Quintette instead of chorus

Twilight falls gently on golden waters.
Violet veils spreading downward
from a jewelled circlet
Soften the brilliant glow of the sunset.

Stripped and stark from all the
day time has taken
Under those veils I long to creep
and to hide me
Hoping for no restoring of treasure
Asking only a dream to console me
There in the darkness and quiet,

O Mother, Mother Twilight open your
veils
And let me creep under
The day was a tyrant, the dawn + the dark
~~[illegible]~~ So far asunder

Here I come crying to you for comfort
Give me a dream from your rainbow store.
Show me your wonder.

O Mother, Mother Twilight open
your violet veils
And let me creep under!

---

always been drawn to his mother
and now, seeing her in her
beautiful, if quiet home, she
felt bitterly that it was lost
through her own lack of faith.
If Glen had not told her so
scornfully that she ~~was~~ did
not want a suspicious woman
for a wife, Zoe would have
humbled herself and begged

Twilight falls gently on sunset April waters,
Violet veils spreading downward from
a jewelled circlet,
Blurring softly the insistent curves of the
ocean.

Stripped and stark from all the
daytime has taken
Under these veils I long to creep and
to hide me
Seeking but darkness and quiet,
With Or ~~only~~ a rainbow dream to console me.
~~O Mother, — Mother Twilight,~~
O Mother, — Mother Twilight, ~~drop~~ open
~~down~~ your veil
And let me creep under
The day has been so long, the dawn & the dark
So far asunder
Here I come crying to you for comfort
Show me your wonder.

Twilight not yet has fooled me or
failed me

Give me one dream from your
rainbow heap
Show me your wonder.

---

forgiveness for pure, out of such a wholesome home nothing could come but uprightness and integrity.

4 x Immediately after the dinner work was finished that evening Zoe hurried to her room. She felt that the misunderstanding between her and Glen was after all not deep enough to be allowed to wreck two lives.

9.12 P.M. - Nov. 17 - 1930

The twilight is a lilac plume (bough)
That lies across the fading west

Rubato

O Mother, Mother Twilight drop down
your lilac veil

And let me creep under
~~So long~~ the day has been so long
The dawn and the ~~dark~~
So far asunder
Oh hide me Mother Twilight hide me
open your treasure
Show me your wonder

Lilac plumes and lavender
Pansies and violets
Wall me around with perfume
Show me a little bird
Upon its nest

Mrs. Armstrong's strong sweet personality
unquestioningly upright that
she felt she must have passed
on her qualities to the son who
so resembled her. Zoe felt her-
self in the wrong and decided to
call up Glen and ask his
forgiveness for her mistrust. If
in his anger he had turned to
Nita, she had only herself to blame.
But, at least, she would free her
conscience of her misbehavior.
None of the girls seemed to
know whether or not Glen
was visiting Nita but Nita was
giving herself all the airs of
an engaged girl. Zoe refused
to discuss the matter but June

Book of Plays or Stories
Social Hours. 9. A. M. Mar. 19, 1929.
Evening before thought of a play for Mary Agnes
9.15 A.M. - 19 Sunday Supper.
The Doubleway Dinner.
Five O'Clock.
The Cocktail Party.
The Premiere (In an opera Box)
At the Goodman (A concert) The Choir Singer

---

gathered news in spite of Zoe's prohibition and passed it on. But this news was little indeed. Zoe rose after her decision to seek an interview with Glen and took down her long ~~beautiful~~ lovely hair, shaking it around till it fell about her in ripples like the brown sun-flecked waters of a brook. But, tonight, its beauty

Dr worded to be at the tea.

Consuelo who never drinks a drop, who and fastidiously turns from cigarettes considers the frenzied pace a vulgarity, who loves cool, chaste beauty and the flow of wit rather rather than gin found herself to her disgust honor guest at a cocktail party. Not even a drop of tea.

x Hard on her host!

Hard on her host? He knew her ideas quite well but she thinks had some idea of impressing her with his sophistication. They knew each other as county kids.

x There is a type of mind like that:

Consuelo - Why should I blush? I was brought up on a farm. - - Well, hardly; it's in the Bible!

- Shocked? Oh, no, my grandfather got drunk often and I had a great aunt who smoked a pipe. I suppose chewing tobacco and snuff will be revived next. Rather fitting - don't you think? I am rather bored.

Wraiths.

On a screen of woven winds
Leaves trace fragile rustling embroideries of sound,
Birds sketch bold silhouettes of song
Winds scallop a rhythmical border around.
    Sound on sound,
    Symphonic, ecstatic
Yet never the theme I love most,
Never the chiming lost note I seek after.
Memory, pitying me, paints me thereon a ghost, —
Wraith of a rose that was once your laughter,
Now only a ghost.

---

gave her no pleasure. She ~~freshened her face~~, slipped off her dress freshened her face, re-coiled her hair and selected from her wardrobe a cool white + yellow linen which Glen particularly liked.

frieze rays
On a wall of autumn noon
Grapevines gleam in tendrils of emerald light,
Oaks waste flares on a blazing sky,
Clouds gather the sun in a dazzle of white.
    Light on light,
    Resplendent, emblazoned
But ever one spot without spark,
Never the glow of the soul that once charmed me.
Memory, pityingly, lights twin blue fires in the dark,
Phantoms of flames once your eyes that long warmed me,
So cold now, so dark.

She started down the stairs ~~[illegible]~~ to telephone him when Ma [illegible] came in from the porch. She [illegible] "Glen Armstrong is ~~on the~~ asking for you, Zoe. He looks awful. Better ask him into the

San Malo's concert
about 9.30 P.M. Feb. 6 - 1928 Monday

On a screen of woven winds
Leaves trace fragile rustling embroideries of song
Birds sketch bold silhouettes of song
Waves scallop a border of rhythm around
Sound on sound
Symphonic, ~~and~~ ecstatic,
Yet never the theme I love most
Never the chiming lost note I seek after.
Memory, pitying me, paints me therein a ghost
The wraith of a rose that was once your laughter
Now only a ghost.

yearn
grieve for most
thrilling

crust - boast
must coast
rust host
thrust post
toast
roast

freize of gilded mottled beams trellis

noon
autumn stars
On a wall of suns and stars.
Clambers a vine of emerald light
Leans a tree of ruby flame

Light on light
Coruscant and radiant
Yet ever one spot of chilly darkness

Memory, pitying, kindles me twin blue fires
The Ethereal flames fires that once warmed your
face and my heart.
Not ever now again.
For memory paints only ghosts.

glitter in tendrils of emerald light diamante
Grapevines wrapt themselves in lunar gauze
Maples flare red where moonlight is brightest
Dahlias and chr burn with varied flames
only a chaos.
Now black in their pits

resplendent

On a wall of autumn noon
Grape vines glitter in tendrils of emerald lights
Oaks burn flares wasteful of flame
Clouds gather the sun in a dazzle of white
Light on light
Resplendent, Emblazoned,
But ever one spot ~~that~~ without spark is dark
Never the familiar lost ~~blaze~~ glow that warmed me
Memory pityingly kindles me twin blue fires in the dark
~~Phantoms~~ of flames ~~that~~ once were your eyes ~~warming~~ lighting
~~and~~ ~~my~~ the heart delicate
So cold now, so dark. exquisite

lights twin blue fires in the dark
Oaks set burning scarlet flares
Yet never the warmth with the spark
Never the glow in the hearth that warmed me
So cold now, so dark.
But never the one inextinguishable spark

In a wall of autumn noon
Grapevines gleam in tendrils of emerald light
Oaks set flares burning at mid-day
Clouds gather the sun in a dazzle of white.
Light on light
Resplendent,

inspired
fired
desired
retired
fired
stirred
tired
mired
inspired
rejoiced
moved me
loved me
chose me
led me

~~Grapevines gleam in tendrils & clusters of light~~
But ever one spot without spark,
Never the warming lost glow that once drew me
Memory, pityingly, lights twin blue fires in the day
Phantoms of flames once your eyes that renewed me
So cold now, so dark

enthralled
called
once drew
charmed me
so warmed me

cheered
warmed
drew
held

Died of cancer 1934 (aug 30)
Oakenwald 5
6 1255 ~~5134~~

1928
Dreamed of Mrs. Longueil. Oct. ~~24~~, 25 or 26.
Large tumor like boil on shoulder dripping
blood ?

living room. He certainly looks ready for a private interview."

Zoe's heart sang. Joyfully she opened the screen and confronted G who seemed too agitated to wait a moment. One look at his face and Zoe's joy died. Without invitation he strode into the living room, Zoe wonderingly following. She was not long in suspense. Glen, his eyes blazing, turned upon her.

"Zoe Mallison, never in all my life ~~have~~ I been fooled by man or woman ~~and~~ as I have been

October 27, 1928 4.10 P.M. Van Hooks
and 5.10 (Gordon Craig.)
Affairs of an Ordinary Family.
Essays for Moments of Waiting
"Fifteen Minutes Early".

by you":

Zoe's mouth opened for speech but he swept on, silencing her with eyes which flamed with indignant anger yet somehow expressed also a hurt astonishment.

"You of all girls, you whom I set on a pedestal and looked up to as an ideal, serious, strong headed, hard working among the more frivolous of my acquaintance! You who worked when others played

4 or 4.05 P.M. Mar. 17 - 1928

Play The Celebrity:

Woman - swelled jaw - untidy housekeeper

(Mrs. Watt + parish visitor)

Daughters trying to keep mother out of sight yet bask in her fame or keep a position as her daughters

Visiting celebrity tries to see mother (also husband)

Yes, mother has beautiful taste - in furniture

But she is careless on manicures + marcels.

B casts reproachful glance at A.

Small daughter

Father wants her to get bobbed

Visitor (young + handsome) tries to visit with mother who must cook + serve

Finally he falls for daughter

9.06 (8.06) A.M.

June 24, 1932

Scene In the solarium.

A bright beautiful room

Decorations different for different seasons

At Dawning:
Green
Golden G. G.
Sky blue hues —

we use green in Spring
blue Summer
red winter
yellow + purple

---

saved when others spent, yet kept sweet, gay and lovable." He stopped an instant for breath.

"But what is it?" gasped Zoe too horrified for resentment. Indeed his aspect so frightened her, she scarcely caught the meaning of his words.

San Mateo
about 9.30 P.M. Feb. 6 - 1928 Monday

On a screen of woven winds
Leaves trace fragile rustling embroideries of sound
Birds sketch make bold silhouettes of song
waves scallop a border of rhythm block in
Sound on sound
Symphonic and ecstatic
Yet ever one aching lack
Ever thing one sound missing note
Memory pitying me paints thereon a ghost
The ghost of a voice that was once your voice laughter
Breathing music like perfume.

lips first
On a wall of stars and suns suns stars
Clambers a vine of rosy light flames
Leans a tree of shining flame

Light on light
Yet ever one spot of darkness

Mem
Lights kindles again the twin blue fires
Which once warmed your face + my heart
Not ever now again

Memory can bring only ghosts